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DEAR READER,

**fiction**

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Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

This is the real story of Pan. It is whispered in secret and in the dark, written in haste and fear. If he ever found out, only death would follow. You've been told a lie. The story you know, the one of light and fairies and beautiful mermaids, its all a sham. It feeds the island, giving it, and him, power. Sucking joy and laughter from children, for belief is the most powerful magic in the world, and Neverland the beacon of stories throughout time. An evil lingers on Neverland. Shadows play there, and captured souls forever to roam the forests lost. The living are enslaved to Pan, unfortunates who have unwittingly sold their hearts and souls to him in the night. At the eleventh hour the worlds are closer apart, and his shadow seeks the children of our world. This is my story, read carefully and well. This true, every word.

I cannot escape him now, but you can. By the time you have read this he will have known me, and he may be on to you. Be quick, be careful.

You must find a way to stop him, or no one else can.

Chapter 2 by thelastunicorn



...and the last unicorn, and the last boy, and you'll come to your conclusion. He will do his best to add to those lost boys, you will see. See more of Story Wars

I love you, you may hear them say.

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Chapter 3 by Julia Caswell



What is the first thing that you were told about Pan?

Perhaps, that he would fly through your window while you're asleep, and whisk you off to a magical place where you will never grow up.

For the most part, this is true. He does come in the night. The land is magical, albeit dark magic. And you never do grow up.

You die, instead.

You don't realize it at first. They never do. It takes a little while. It starts when you realize that every step only takes you further into the forest, no matter which direction you take.

Chapter 4 by



You've heard, of course, that he does not age.

But you have not heard how or why.

As I've said, his land is full of dark magic. Magic used for greed, lust, and evil. Pan harvests this magic and uses it on the boys who wander lost.

He sucks the soul and life out of them to keep his youth. He kills them for his own satisfaction.

Chapter 5 by



And of course you have heard of Blackbeard.

The vicious, monsterous, pirate that swipes the mines blind of the pixie dust.

Pixie dust. Go ahead, say it out loud, even if someone stares at you.

Even if a pirate comes to kill you for saying the name with such glory, that they fear to say.

Pixie dust, is a sort of sparkling indigo sprinkles, that with such power, diffuses the body with youth.

Age is a bitter thing, and pixie dust, is a sweet prize, delectable to the tongue.

And his reign over neverland has only caused death, grief, and misery.

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